

WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY, JUNE 11, 1911.

NOW IS THE WATCHING TIME OF YEAR WHEN  
THE FINEST CRAB DELIGHTS THE MULTITUDE

Washington. Now Reveling in These  
Denizens of the Chesapeake, Whose  
Dainty Meat Is Served in a Hun-  
dred Delicious Fashions.

All hail His Majesty the Crab.

And, in particular, do a little extra  
hailing for King Crab, of the Chesapeake,  
for, taking him by and large—and he's  
usually large—he is quite the fattest,  
whitest, sweetest, tenderest, and deli-  
ciouslest crab in the world. Hard shell or  
soft shell; boiled, fried in mayonnaise, or  
in the chafing dish, there is nothing more  
toothsome than the flaky white meat of  
your typical Chesapeake Carabus Can-  
cer.

This, at least, seems to be the opinion  
of a vast number of Washington's con-  
servative citizens, judging by the num-  
ber of barrels of live crabs and ice-packed  
cans of pickled crab meat that are shipped  
daily into this city from various points  
on the shore of the bay. Since the first  
of this month, when the real crab season  
opened, these shipments have been pouring  
into the city in allotments varying from  
twenty barrels to 200 barrels a day. The  
bulk of the crabs go to the several markets  
making a specialty of sea food, but the big hotels and a  
number of summer gardens order their  
crabs shipped direct from the various  
crab fisheries.

From now until the end of August crab  
meat will be the chief delicacy in all the  
principal restaurants and hotels in this  
section of the country. Everyone knows  
that these summer months the ones in  
which he or she may indulge a passion  
for crab meat with the least possible  
chance of risking an encounter with the  
painful, if not deadly, pyramine germs.  
There is no excuse at this time of year  
for the Boniface who allows a somewhat  
too dead crab to be served a guest, and  
one may go into any first-class establish-  
ment and order his crab meat in any  
style with practically no fear of unpleasant  
developments.

#### Retire for Winter.

Not every one knows where, just why  
it is that crabs have their open and  
closed season. The reason is a simple  
one. When the first chill of fall begins  
to strike through the shallow waters of  
the bay, Mr. and Mrs. Crab pick them-  
selves out a nice site on some deep bot-  
tom mud-flat and build their winter  
quarters. That is to say, they dig a neat  
excavation in the mud, crawl into it  
backward and with nothing but their  
eyes, mouth, and big claws sticking out  
prepare to white away the long winter  
months with a patience both sublime  
and sublime. The last man of the fable  
who was found lying under a tree with  
his mouth open waiting for a peach to  
drop onto it had a much easier time of  
it than the crab. For it is only when  
a swirl in the tide brings some succulent  
morsel within reach of his waving front  
claws that he succeeds in replenishing  
the inner crab.

Mr. Crab doesn't even come out for a  
reconnoitering expedition like Brother  
Hedgehog, in the early days of spring,

but remains snugly in his mud hole until  
the warmth of the sun has penetrated  
the shell of his claws and he knows that  
summer really has arrived. Then he and  
the Missus crawl out of their caves,  
stretch their ten legs and go scuttling  
off seawards in the search of real food  
and more comfortable quarters.

It is then that they are most likely to  
respond to the fisherman's tempting offer  
of juicy, salted eel, tripe, or beef. Seis-  
ing the morsel eagerly in his large claws  
the crab begins tearing off chunks and  
shoving them behind his bony jaws. So  
eagerly does he engage in this first real  
meal of the season, that he fails to ob-  
serve the gentle flow of the waters and  
the gradually increasing brightness of  
his surroundings, which mean that meal  
and crab are being drawn slowly to the  
surface by the wily fisherman. Suddenly,  
unless the crab is startled by a moving  
shadow or the day be so clear that he can  
see the movement, the dip-net is slipped  
under the unfortunate carabus, and  
before he can ejaculate Jack Robinson  
he finds himself turning a flip-flop in  
pure ether and deposited with ques-  
tionable gentleness on the bottom of a  
boat, in company with a large number  
of his scrambling, panting brethren.

#### Has a Hot Finish.

A little later he is dropped into a large  
barrel with a few dozen of his fellows  
underneath and on top, and in this suffo-  
cating state of confinement he is hurried  
to his final destination, a sudden surcease  
of all sorrow in a boiler of sizzling hot  
water.

Visitors to the shores of the Chesapeake  
find crab fishing pretty good sport. It  
requires more dexterity and patience than  
one would think to draw a wily carabus  
within reach of the dip net, and the dip-  
ping process itself is one that the ama-  
teur finds unexpectedly difficult. After a  
crab has been led to the surface of the  
water a few times, only to dodge the  
stroke of the dip net at the last moment,  
he betrays a cunning little to be suspected  
of no brainless creature. Crab fisher-  
men say they have drawn up monstrously  
large crabs of an apparently heavy ap-  
pearance that had become so accustomed to  
the process that they had learned to tear  
most of the bait loose from the line and  
slide off with a sidelong stroke to evade  
the dip net, returning for another bait  
after the first had been devoured.

In catching crabs in the wholesale lots  
the fishermen use the same method as  
that of the casual bay-side visitor, except  
that instead of a single line with many  
hooks, they use a line with many hooks,  
each hook being baited with a morsel of  
meat. A buoyed line is strung between  
the stakes and attached to it at  
intervals of a few feet are single lines  
running to the bottom, baited with eel,  
tripe, beef, pork, or any of the great  
variety of bait preferred by the crab  
fishermen, according to their individual  
taste. The crab catcher rows his boat  
gently down the trot line, hauling each

baited line up as he comes to it and dip-  
ping cut-or mulling—the crab almost al-  
ways to be found clinging to the bait.  
If the line peeds it he robbits and passes  
on to the next. By the time he has  
reached the end of that trot line it is like-  
ly that most of his baits have been re-  
attacked by the ever-hungry crustacean,  
and the return trip down the line averages  
about as well as the first haul. The fish-  
erman keeps this up until he finds the  
results too slim to be worth the trouble.  
He then stakes out a new claim and  
strings his trot line over another section  
of the crabbing grounds.

#### Many Crab Factories.

Of late years crabs have become so  
much in demand at all of the big hotels  
throughout the country that a number of  
"factories" have been established along  
the bay, and on other waters, where the  
carabus is plentiful, where vast quanti-  
ties of crab meat is canned or packed  
for shipment. This demand has made  
winter hunting for crabs profitable, and  
it has come to such a pass that the poor  
crab is now being searched out in his  
winter hiding places and dragged to the  
surface to fulfill the popular craving for  
his appearance a la Newburg. So freely  
is this winter crab fishing carried on that  
the crab dealers in Washington prophesy  
the extinction of the edible species unless  
the government takes some steps to stop  
the continual scouring of the crabbing  
grounds by professional fishermen. They  
say the crabs are being caught in much  
greater numbers than can be made up  
by their natural reproduction, and they  
attribute the comparative scarcity of  
crabs at this season of the year to last  
winter's harvest of the crab diggers.

The cost of crab meat ranges in ac-  
cording with the style in which it is  
prepared. You may buy it by the quart  
for about 50 cents or pay \$1.50 for a por-  
tion of it in the chafing dish; 50 cents for  
a full portion of crab salad at the big  
hotels; 50 cents for a deviled crab in the  
same expensive establishments, or you  
may go to one of the summer gardens at-  
tached to a saloon and get all the fresh-  
ly boiled crabs you can crack open and  
eat at the rate of six for a quarter. At  
some places you may even enjoy a crab  
feast free of charge, providing, of course,  
that you and your companions purchase  
liquid refreshments.

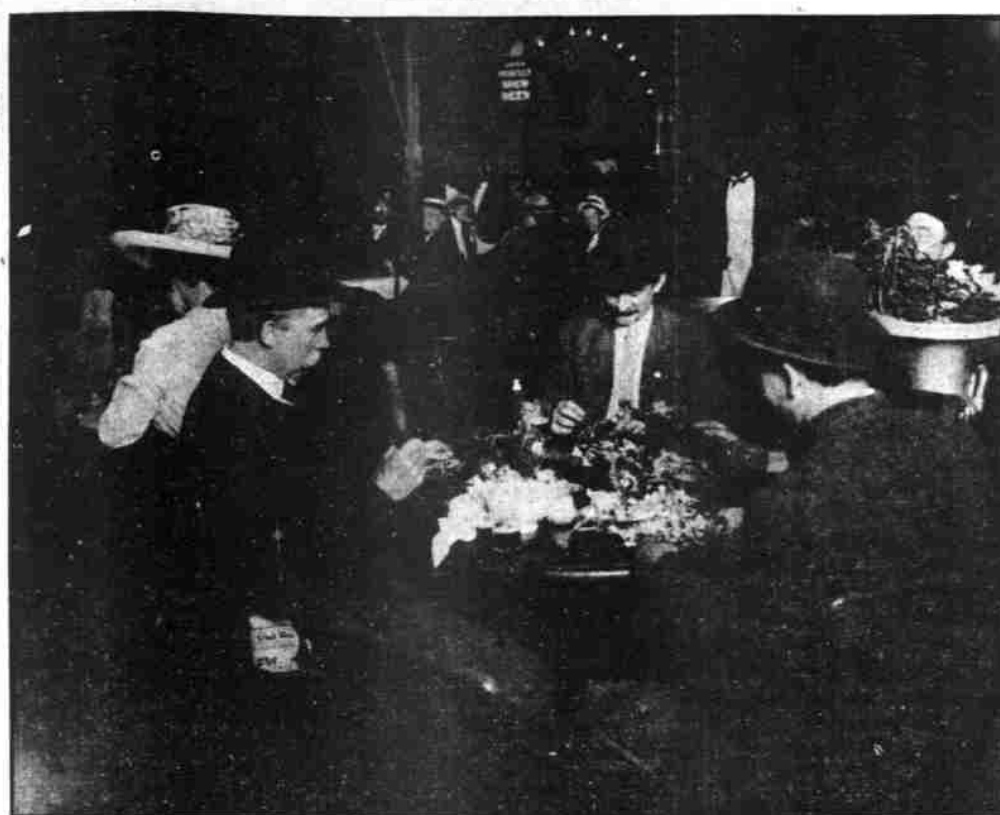
#### Vast Number Imported.

The amount of crabs used in the sum-  
mer gardens is astounding. There is one  
place in particular, down on Seventh  
street near the wharves, where hard and  
soft shell crabs are a time-honored  
specialty, that finds its summer garden  
packed the doors almost every night  
during the season with tables full of  
ardent crab eaters.

This place uses on the average of  
twenty barrels of crabs in a day, the  
barrels holding 200 crabs each. Of course,  
a large percentage of the crabs are  
thrown away when the shipment is re-  
ceived, for no matter how quickly they  
are transported the careful summer-gar-  
den proprietor always finds a number of  
dead crabs when he sorts over the  
barrels.

Some of the records made by crab  
floods at this garden seem almost im-  
possible, but they are soundly based on  
the proprietor and waiters who serve  
the record-breakers with the crustaceans.  
One man is said to have eaten three  
dozen large hardshell crabs at a sitting;  
another got away with sixteen deviled

## SCENE IN A TYPICAL "CRABFEST" SUMMER GARDEN.



Where crabs are served with clubs and beer.

—Photo by Edmondson.

crabs, and a third cracked, picked, and  
ate a dozen crabs in less than fifteen  
minutes.

#### How to Open a Crab.

Ever eat crabs from the shell?  
No.  
Well, listen!

There is but one way, and any habitué  
of the crabfest belt can tell you.  
First you take the crab firmly in the  
left hand. You then turn him white-  
side-up. On the under side of the shell  
you will notice a point of shell appar-  
ently growing close against the belly of  
the crab. Grab it. Tear it loose. In so  
doing you have opened the secret of the  
way to eat a crab.

With the shell broken by the medium  
of the point on the belly of the crusta-  
cean you have simply started the search  
for the succulent meat which lies within  
the body of the animal. Breaking loose  
the shell has started it. You then, with  
a quick jerk disengage the real crab meat  
from the outer or armor shell. Under  
the shell there appear a series of dry  
looking fingers like fragments of the  
crab-meat. These are the so-called  
"dead men's fingers." They are not

edible. You remove them and then with  
a snap you break the crab in two. The  
delicious snow-white meat and the gold-  
en fat are yours to enjoy. The claws,  
too, contain a delicious meat. The only  
way to enjoy the claws is to crack  
them, open with a club. The meat is de-  
licious. The method of obtaining it is  
barbarous, but the crab was never in-  
tended to be eaten by anybody but a  
convicted barbarian with the tastes of an  
epicure.

This is the way to eat the common or  
hardshell variety of crab. What to do  
with a crab when you want to eat him  
in the company of your equals or your  
betters is a question for the epicure and  
the bon-vivante to decide. The following  
are a few of the ways to prepare the  
"king of the Chesapeake" for the tables  
of the people who are either too rich  
or too proud to enjoy crab "au naturel."

#### Some Fine Recipes.

Crab Gumbo Soup—Wash one quart of  
gumbo and slice it. Cut down six ears

of corn from the cob. Remove the outside  
shell from six hard crabs; clean, but  
do not pick them, crush slightly. Put  
in fat are yours to enjoy. The claws,  
too, contain a delicious meat. The only  
way to enjoy the claws is to crack  
them, open with a club. The meat is de-  
licious. The method of obtaining it is  
barbarous, but the crab was never in-  
tended to be eaten by anybody but a  
convicted barbarian with the tastes of an  
epicure.

Crabs and Bacon—Take one quart crab  
meat, having it in large white flakes, and  
put it in a porcelain saucepan with two  
tablespoons of butter. Season with salt  
and white pepper to taste and let it sim-  
mer for ten minutes. Take one-half  
pound of very thin sliced bacon and fry  
quickly in hot pan. Pile the crab  
meat in the center of a round platter,  
arrange the bacon in a border around

it, and put several long sprays of pars-  
ley on the crab.

Crab Salad—In picking hard crabs, if  
after boiling you will crack off the top  
shell, break the crab in half and cut  
each half from side to side, open with  
a sharp knife, you can take the meat out  
in large flakes without any shell in it,  
and save half the time it otherwise con-  
sumes to pick them. If steamed, instead  
of boiled, the meat will be much sweeter,  
firmer, and make beautiful salad.

Take the cold picked crab with no  
fat, add a nicely made French dressing,  
mix well through it, and place on ice  
until wanted. Have ready some white  
lettuce leaves and upon each one lay  
a large spoonful of the crab, two olives,  
one small radish, and cover with a rich  
mayonnaise dressing.

Deviled Crab—Steam twelve crabs  
pick and clean them carefully and put  
meat aside. Heat one cupful of milk.  
Blend thoroughly four tablespoonsful of  
butter with two level tablespoonsful of  
sifted flour and stir in one-fourth  
cup of cold milk. Pour heated milk  
gradually on blended butter and flour.  
Return to boiler and cook five minutes.  
Take from fire and add crab meat, yolks  
of three hard-boiled eggs well mashed,  
one level teaspoonful of salt, and a  
dash of white pepper. Fill crab shells,  
brush over the top with the white of  
one egg, sprinkle with bread crumbs,  
crumbs, and brown in quick oven.

Broiled Soft Crabs—Clean eight crabs  
and season them with salt and pepper.  
In a deep dish melt one-half cupful of  
butter and add two tablespoonsful of  
lemon juice and one-quarter teaspoonful  
of cayenne. Roll the crabs first in this  
mixture then in dry, sifted flour. Place  
them in a double broiler and broil for  
four to eight minutes. Serve with  
Dutch sauce.

Sauce: Stir together well, all one way  
over fire, one quarter pint of cream, the  
yolks of two eggs, two tablespoonsful  
of Tarragon vinegar, a little butter, a  
pinch of cayenne, and a blade of mace.  
When thick, like custard, and very hot  
serve with the boiled crabs.

Fried Crabs—To steam crabs add cup  
vinegar, two cups water, one tablespo-  
onful of salt, and one tablespo-  
onful of pepper. Steam about five minutes.  
Clean crabs, scoop fat from abdomen of  
Tarragon vinegar, a little butter, a  
pinch of cayenne, and a blade of mace.  
When thick, like custard, and very hot  
serve with the boiled crabs.

Fried Crabs—To steam crabs add cup  
vinegar, two cups water, one tablespo-  
onful of salt, and one tablespo-  
onful of pepper. Steam about five minutes.  
Clean crabs, scoop fat from abdomen of

There are just a few don'ts to be re-  
membered by the devotees of the crab-  
fest. The crab, per se, is by no means a  
good mixer. There are a number of  
things, ordinarily considered highly nu-  
tritious, which, combined with sea-  
food, are to be avoided. These are the  
last degree dangerous.

To the newcomer within the crab belt  
let these few don'ts appeal. There are a  
hundred things one can eat with crabs;  
there are a few things to be avoided. The  
hundreds of things one does not need to  
remember, but remember these:

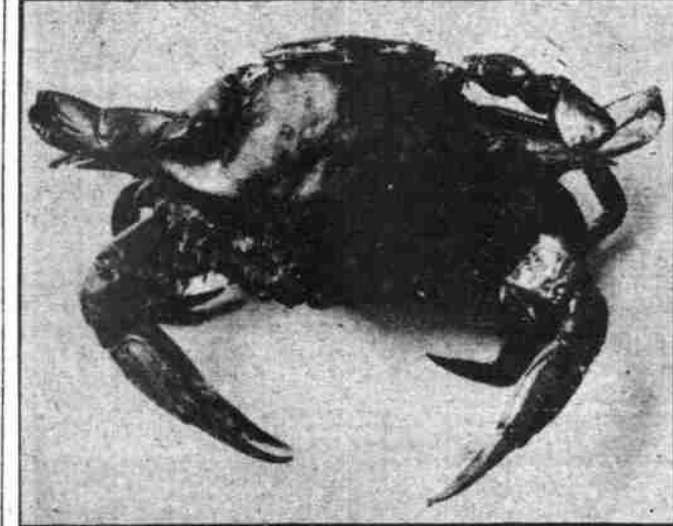
When you are invited to a crab  
supper the first thing to remember is  
don't take any appetite. The reason is  
obvious. Every known appetizer that is  
in any sense of the word an appetizer  
contains ardent spirits. No one should  
approach "his majesty the crab" with  
liquor on the breath.

Don't drink milk before, during, or at  
least five hours subsequent to a crab-  
fest. The reason for this is as readily  
explained, even more so than the in-  
junction to avoid powerful alcoholic  
stimulants. Crabs and milk do not mix.  
When they arrive for mixing and com-  
mingle purposes within the human  
stomach there is a row, a real row, and  
the unwitting gourmand who had an  
idea that because milk cooks well into  
crab a la Newburg and a few other deli-  
cious crab-meat combinations a little  
milk in his system with or following a  
feast of crabs will do him no harm is  
wrong.

Take no chances with this belief. The  
combination of three fine crabs and a  
pint of milk has caused many a fatal  
illness. Maryland or Virginia gourmet to  
his grave. There are only two things to mix  
in the stomach with crabs. They are  
malt extract, as expressed in good beer,  
ale, port, or stout, and stout. All other  
combinations are self-confessed  
failures from the jump. Just why beer  
or ale or port or stout has failed to  
kill anybody in combination with the  
meat of crabs is a question to be de-  
cided by a future generation of organic  
analysts. The fact remains that no one  
ever died of beer and crabs, and prob-  
ably nobody ever will.

And lots of people have died from drink-  
ing bad water.

## FRESH FROM THE SALT CHESAPEAKE.



The Delicacy of the Season.

—Photo by Edmondson.

SEEING EUROPE ON NEXT TO NOTHING  
Further Experiences of a Government Clerk Who Has Made Several Trips Across  
the Ocean on Surprisingly Small Funds.

No. III—To Europe in the Steamer.

By JAMES L. BARNET.

(Copyright 1911 by James L. Barnett.)  
Twice in my life I have had occasion  
to cross the Atlantic in the steamer.  
After my first experience, I resolved  
never to do it again, but on account of  
running short of funds on my second  
tour of Europe, was compelled to do so.  
My first experience was on a German  
liner, and my second, on an American  
liner. Conditions on the latter were  
found incomparably superior to those on  
the former, and I have been informed  
that the English liners also provide de-  
cent steamer accommodations.

On most liners the difference in the  
price of the steamer and the second  
cabin accommodations is from \$15 to \$20,  
but the difference in accommodations  
that I found on the German liner would  
justify an even greater difference in  
price. On my first trip to Europe I went  
over in the steamer and returned in the  
second cabin of the same steamer. The  
second cabin passengers enjoyed every  
comfort and convenience, while those of  
the steamer suffered every imaginable  
discomfort and inconvenience. The fare  
provided for the former was almost like  
that of a millionaire, while the food of  
the steamer passengers was the plainest  
and cheapest, and served under the most  
disgusting conditions.

The second deck having portholes is, on  
practically all passenger vessels, devoted  
to the staterooms of the first-class and  
second-class passengers, and the third  
deck, chiefly to the kitchens and dining  
and drawing rooms of these classes. On  
this deck also, extending the entire length  
of the vessel, on both sides, is generally  
found the promenade of the steamer pas-  
sengers. On the two vessels on which I  
crossed, the promenade was a narrow  
passage between the bulkheads of the  
cabin, and was used as a dining-room,  
and off which the  
bunk-rooms opened. Nearly all the  
space in the dining-room was occupied  
by long tables and benches, built of  
rough pine boards, of the rude work-  
manship. There was not a trace of any  
table linen. Each of the bunk-rooms  
contained from four to thirty berths.  
The framework of the berths was of  
rough pine, supplied with a rather  
dirty mattress, a pillow, and a cheap  
cotton blanket, but no bed linen. The  
rules to be observed were posted up  
everywhere. In several different lan-  
guages. One of those in English read:  
"Smoking strongly prohibited."

There were four or five different sets  
of steamer quarters of the kind de-  
scribed, in as many different compart-  
ments of the ship. After boarding  
the vessel, the steamer passengers  
were divided into three classes, men  
traveling alone, women traveling alone,  
and families traveling together, and  
these several classes were assigned to  
sleeping and eating quarters in differ-  
ent compartments.

Passengers Their Own Waiters.  
At meal times volunteers from among  
the passengers had to carry pails of soup,  
pans of boiled meat, kettles of coffee, and  
other vessels filled with food from the  
steamer kitchen to the various dining-  
rooms. That of the writer happened to  
be at the stern end of the ship, while the  
steamer kitchen was two flights up and  
at the very bow of the vessel, a round  
trip of 400 steps. Let the reader imagine  
the pleasure of having to carry a large  
bucket of steaming soup that distance,  
with the ship constantly seaward and  
down a vertical distance of from ten to  
twenty feet.

A stock of bread, replenished each  
morning, was stored on shelves suspended  
from the dining-room ceiling, and large  
tin pans full of omelette were al-  
ways standing on the dining-room tables  
from the beginning to the end of the  
voyage. Every day the steward would  
distribute to the passengers slices of  
omelette or of omelette beef, laying  
them down on the dirty mattresses or de-  
positing them in any dirty dish he hap-  
pened to come across.

At 7 o'clock every morning we were  
served bread, smoked herring, and coffee

without milk or sugar. At 9:30 we had  
cheese or canned beef, with bread and  
coffee. At noon we had soup, boiled beef,  
potatoes as large as marbles boiled with  
their skins on, and pudding. At 2:30 bread  
and coffee were served again, and finally,  
at 4 p. m., baked beans or boiled rice  
and coffee. From day to day there was  
practically no variety in the fare. Twice  
a day the steward called out, "Wasser  
boien," and these were our only oppor-  
tunities to secure a drink of water. We  
were all practically forced to become  
coffee drunkards. The prospective trav-  
eler in the steamer is recommended to  
bring with him a quart bottle, so that he  
may have a supply of water at hand all  
the time.

Strange Table Manners.  
The rabble who constituted a majority  
of my fellow-passengers thought the  
steamer a paradise. Almost never before  
had they had such an abundance to eat.  
I saw some ludicrous sights while they  
were dining. One man was seen holding  
between his toes one end of a loaf of  
bread several feet long, and chewing on  
the other end; another, eating omelette  
with a spoon, as one would eat ice cream;  
and another drinking out of the spout of a  
coffee kettle. One day on deck I saw a  
man sitting by himself on the floor and  
eating from an eight-quart tin pan full of  
pudding, and he appeared to be having  
the time of his life. At another time I  
saw a man washing his feet in one of the  
soup kettles.

While not inclined to be searish, I  
found the table manners of some of my  
fellow-travelers nauseating. I hardly  
knew how I would live through the eight  
days of the voyage amid such surround-  
ings, and the week seemed like a month.  
During the entire voyage despair seized  
me whenever meal time approached, and  
gave way to happiness when the meal  
was over. I ate merely enough to drive  
away the pangs of hunger, and generally  
carried my rations up on deck to eat.

Every passenger had to climb up two  
flights of stairs and wash his own dishes  
in cold salt water, without soap, cloth, or  
towel. In order to save themselves the  
trouble, I saw some in the dining-room  
whirling their dishes rapidly through the  
air in order to remove the particles of  
food by the centrifugal force. We also  
had nothing but salt water in which to  
bathe our hands and faces, and soap was  
unknown.

As already indicated, the passengers in  
the steamer were mostly European rab-  
ble. About one in eight was a clean, in-  
telligent person. Practically all were  
bound for Europe in order to visit friends  
or to reside there, scarcely any being  
sent on a pleasure trip. There were a  
number of Roumanian Jews with long  
beards, who did not mingle with the other  
passengers, and who largely lived on  
olives, a stock of which they carried

with them. Every day they would clothe  
themselves in long black robes and a  
peculiar head covering and read their  
prayers.

How the Time Was Spent.  
Except while eating and sleeping, the  
steamer passengers spent the entire day  
and evening out on deck, since to remain  
below was almost intolerable. No benches  
or chairs were provided, so that through-  
out the length of the vessel, on each side,  
there was always to be seen a row of  
people sitting or lying on the floor. Some  
of the women with families would do  
their week's washing in salt water and  
hang the clothes out on deck to dry. On  
Sunday divine service was held for the  
first and second class passengers, but the  
people in the steamer were not invited.

During the evening while the passen-  
gers were lounging on deck the behavior  
of some of them and of some of the mem-  
bers of the crew who frequented the  
steamer deck was not above reproach.  
Being strangers together, some of our  
number did not care what opinion the  
others formed about them. Nearly every  
evening one of the sailors played an ac-  
cordion and the sailors and some of the  
young women would dance together, a  
group of us young men would pass part  
of the evening in singing, and some of  
the young women would likewise gather into  
a group and sing. I have never been in a  
more jovial crowd than were we of the  
better class of steamer passengers, even  
if we were putting up with almost intol-  
erable conditions.

Different Steamer Traveling.  
On my second voyage in the steamer,  
on another line of steamers, conditions  
were immeasurably better. Although this  
was a westward voyage from Southampton  
to New York, calling at Cherbourg,  
the passengers were of a much better type  
than those on my eastward voyage. I  
have been told that steamers sailing to  
and from Great Britain carry a far more  
desirable class of steamer passengers  
than those sailing to and from the con-  
tinent of Europe. Those sailing to Medi-  
terranean ports should by all means be  
avoided by any prospective steamer trav-  
eler.

On the American liner which the writer  
patronized, although the rates were the  
same as on the German liner, clean beds  
and bed linen were provided, and clean  
table cloths. We had fresh water for  
washing our hands and faces and no bad  
odors rendered the quarters disagreeable.  
We sat at the dinner table in an orderly  
manner, each having his place assigned,  
and waiters served us. We had nothing  
to do with the carrying of the food or  
with the dishwashing. The food was  
clean, varied, appetizing, and well cooked.  
The officers and employees of the vessel  
treated us with courtesy. All this con-  
trasted strongly with conditions during  
my first voyage in the steamer.

CLERGY SQUABBLE  
OVER CORONATION

Brotherly Love Is Notable  
by Its Absence.

London, June 10.—It is characteristic  
of the modern clergy that, while everybody  
else is co-operating harmoniously to make  
the coronation a national festival, during  
which all tomahawks, political or per-  
sonal, are buried, ministers of the Church  
of England are squabbling and there is  
great turmoil in religious circles.

The Bishop of Hereford, one of the  
most liberal and open-minded prelates in  
England, recently put forward a sugges-  
tion for allowing non-Conformists to at-  
tend a celebration of the holy communion  
during coronation week. It goes with-  
out saying that the fat was in the fire at  
once.

All the petty little spitefiness and nut-  
tances of that old, but somewhat moldy  
institution, the Church of England, arose  
and furiously denounced the reverend  
gentleman, who in many ways reminds  
one of the late Bishop Henry C. Potter  
of New York, for even daring to hint at  
such a thing.

That the good bishop feels in any way  
chastened by this tornado of abuse is not  
considered.

Since he has been a bishop he has been  
the recipient of so much "brotherly love"  
from his fellow-workers in the episcopacy  
that he is, no doubt, by this time quite  
used to taking vitriol with his meals.

But what a saddening spectacle for out-  
siders in this un-Christianlike abuse of a  
broad-minded prelate.

PENSION LAW DRAGS;  
PRIEST IS ON JURY

Socialist Leader Opposes Measure of Party—Bel-  
gian System Favored—Separation Bill Re-  
sults in Court Innovation.

Paris, June 10.—Though the pensions  
law has not yet been put into operation  
it has many critics in the Chamber. Sev-  
eral of these are determined to spare no  
efforts to have the law altered.

The pensions scheme was passed in the  
interests of Socialists. But more than  
one Socialist leader—M. Jules Guesde  
for one—does not like it. M. Guesde has  
drawn up a proposal, which is agreed to  
by sixty-six deputies, that the workmen's  
contributions should be suppressed and  
replaced by a tax on inheritance.

An interpretation to this effect is to be  
submitted to the minister of labor. It  
will be seen that the proposal is to re-  
new the obligatory character of the law  
and to favor the Belgian system; lib-  
erty for the workman to claim the pen-  
sion, but compulsion for the employer  
in adding the workman by an annual  
contribution.

In view of a coming debate on the  
subject the minister of labor is collect-  
ing information likely to prove useful.  
He has requested the prefects through-  
out the country to furnish him with sta-  
tistics of the workmen who can benefit  
from the law of those who have regis-  
tered themselves for a pension, and of  
those who have refused to do so.

The minister of labor does not believe  
that the legislators will modify the law  
in accordance with socialist wishes. The  
government will, however, afford an  
opportunity for a full discussion of the  
interpellation.

An unexpected effect of the separation  
bill is that priests can now be jurymen.  
Before the separation the state regarded  
the clergy as functionaries. They are now  
simply citizens.

The Abbe Barreau presented himself at  
the Seine Assizes the other day to do  
duty, which so astonished the public  
prosecutor that he flatly refused to ad-  
mit him.

The next day the advocate general ac-  
knowledgeed that the abbe had a perfect  
right to serve on the jury, and, for the  
first time on record, a priest in his  
cassock was seen sitting in the box.

Huge Restaurant Opened.  
Berlin, June 10.—The greatest eating  
house in the world was opened in Berlin  
last Wednesday. It is the new Zoological  
Garden restaurant, in which 10,000 peo-  
ple can dine at the same time beneath  
the roof, while the open air terraces  
for use in summer can accommodate  
another 10,000 diners. There are 1,000  
waiters and a kitchen staff of 500 per-  
sons.